But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
*Brok.* Awakt you not with this ſore agonie?
*Clar.* O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempeſt of my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The firſt that there did greete my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what ſcourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſht: Then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he ſqueakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence?
That ſtabd me in the field by Texwburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noiſe,
I trembling, wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
*Brok.* No maruell (my Lord) though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
*Cla.* O Brokenburie, I haue done thoſe things,
Which now beare euidence againſt my ſoule,
For Edwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauie, and I faine would ſleepe.
*Brok.* I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good reſt,
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their tiles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,



There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
*The murtherers enter.*
In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
*Exe.* I would ſpeake with Clarence, & I came hither on my (legs,
*Bro.* Yea, are ye ſo briefe?
2. *Exe.* O ſir, it is better be briefe then tedious,
Shew him our Commiſſion, talke no more. *He readeth it.*
*Bro.* I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reaſon what is meant thereby
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there ſits the Duke a ſleepe:
Ile to his Maieſtie and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue reſignd my place to you,
*Exe.* Do ſo, it is a poynt of wiſedome.
2. What ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes?
1. No, then he will ſay twas done cowardly
when he wakes.
2. When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgement day.
1. Why then he will ſay we ſtabd him ſleeping.
2. The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred
A kind of remorſe in me.
1. What art thou afraid?
2. Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1. Backe to the Duke of Gloſter, tell him ſo.
2. I pray thee ſtay a while, I hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tell. xx.
1. How doſt thou feele thy ſelfe now? (me
2. Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are yet within
1. Remember our reward when the deed is done.
2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1. Where is thy conſcience now?
2. In the Duke of Gloſters purſe.
1. So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our reward,
Thy conſcience flies out.
2. Let it goe, ther's few or none will entertaine it.
1. How if it come to thee againe?